That has no relliſh of ſalvation in't,
Then trip him that his heele may kicke at heaven,
And that his ſoule may be as damn'd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes: my mother ſtayes,
This Phyſicke but prolongs thy ſickly dayes. *Exit.*
King. My words flye up, my thoughts remaine below,
Words without thoughts never to heaven goe. *Exit.*

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come ſtrait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes have bin too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath ſcreen'd and ſtood betweene
Much heat and him. Ile ſilence me even here,
Pray you be round. *Enter Hamlet.*
Ger. Ile warrant you, feare me not,
Withdraw, I heare him comming.
Ham. Now mother what's the matter?
Ger. Hamlet thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother you have my father much offended.
Ger. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Goe, goe, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Ger. Why how now *Hamlet?*
Ham. What's the matter now?
Ger. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No by the Rood not ſo,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not ſo, you are my mother.
Ger. Nay then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not budge,
You goe not till I ſet you up a glaſſe
Where you may ſee the moſt part of you.
Ger. What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me?
Helpe ho.
Pol. What hoe helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Ducket, dead,
Pol. O I am ſlaine:
Ger. O me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?
Ger. O what a raſh and bloody deed is this!

Ham.

Ham. A bloudy deed, almoſt as bad good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Ger As killa King?
Ham. I Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou findeſt to be too buſie is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, ſit you downe,
And let me wring your hearr, for ſo I ſhall,
If it be made of penetrable ſtuffe,
If damned cuſtome have not braz'd it ſo,
That it be proofe and bulwarke againſt ſenſe.
Ger. What have I done, that thou dareſt wagge thy
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurres the grace and bluſh of modeſty,
Calls vertue hypocrite, takes off the Roſe
From the faire forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there, makes marriage vowes
As falſe as Dicers oathes: Oh ſuch a deed
As from the body of contraction pluckes
The very ſoule, and ſweet Religion makes
A rapſodie of words, heavens face does glow
Ore this ſolidity and compound maſſe
With heated viſage, as againſt the doome,
Is thought-ſicke at the act.
Quee. Ay me, what act?
Ha. That roares ſo loud, and thunders in the Index:
Looke here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers;
See what a grace was ſeated on his brow,
Hiperions curles, the front of *Jove* himſelfe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A ſtation like the Herald *Mercury*
New lighted on a heave, a kiſſing hill,
A combination and forme indeed
Where every god did ſeeme to ſet his ſeale,
To give the world aſſurance of a man.